

SCARLET SUNRISE

Randall "the Black River Bandit" Clarkson



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The reason for this piece is as such: one must create resistance to any and all unjust social constructs—most notably, big business and oppressive governments. Furthermore, one ought to employ whatever talents they may have in executing the latter, for society is not static, but rather fluid, and every contribution to modern culture contains the potential to affect history and alter the future.

The *Scarlet Sunrise* is naught but a diminutive contribution to the modern liberation movement.

Long live art, critical thought, and revolution!



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~ THE PENDULUM'S RAVENOUS SWAY: A PREAMBLE ~

A songbird breaks the silence of the cool summer's dawn. It sings alone; the air fresh breathing about its plumage. The bird stares through the leaves from its nest towards the stars. They twinkle. It stretches its wings and calls again. A moment passes until, to its delight, an echo plays in the distance. The echo begets a third call; the third begets a fourth, until the uproar rises into a melodious crescendo. The orchestra marks the birth of a new day—a new beginning.

At this moment, a mammoth sphere of rock, dirt, and water, pummels through the vacuum of space. Its insignificance is palpable, for the universe is immense. Its beauty, however, is momentous! From the trees, immersed in darkness, the birds witness a magnificent evolution, and the horizon is its messenger. Painters of the universe massage the canvas and a color cast of incredible brilliance is bled upon the vast spread of stratospheric moisture. At its incipient moment of materialization, the darkness explodes in a crimson spectacle of sheer glory. One, after seeing such a sight, is inclined to thank the Gods—the engineers of the universe—for the scarlet sunrise does naught but inspire one with breathtaking awe!

At the exordium, a mountainous silhouette casts its opaque shadow across the breadth of land concealing its countless secrets—secrets obscured for little longer than a temporary moment of twilight. And without further ado, a fiery inferno of fusion inches over the horizon making its gradual promenade unto the heavens. Treacheries, hitherto hidden, are brought to bare; their executors contemporaneously brought to justice!



I will be the first to say that justice is merely a matter of opinion, and opinions clearly vary. Though, unlike opinions, there is one virtue that may be conserved, for it is unequivocally quintessential: treat others as one would like to be treated. And I will venture to assert that those of us, with stable psychologies, require little more than decency and respect to feel well. I would, furthermore, venture to assert that full liberty is necessary to achieve such a state of being. This begs to question the factors that hinder liberty—factors that will be diagramed throughout this treatise.

Oppression, the thing anathema to liberty, is naught but a tool of authority—authority emanating from all figures of dominance. Oppression must, therefore, be repressed. Though, first, the oppressed must be enlightened of their oppression, for enlightenment is the water to all flames of corruption, and the actions of which enlightenment beget are the mallets to all shackles of tyranny.

Before delving into the foregoing factors, I am obliged to stress the cyclic nature of our civilization, which I will here outline superficially. Those in power will act despotically to maintain their status. Such actions will be done covertly in order to gain the trust of the masses. The masses will, more often than not, face a high level of depravation, for, in order to maintain power, dictators will hoard wealth and influence, creating a state of disparity amongst the populace. This polar state of being is highly conducive to chaos, for economic desperation leads to desperate and irrational measures. Fear of the latter will increase the reliance and dependence on despotic officials and the circle is thereby complete. To achieve a deeper understanding of this circle, one must begin at the top—the governing institutions of society.

Like lifting a stone and uncovering a conurbation of insects and the like, one

could similarly lift the veil of state bureaucracy and unearth a surfeit of foulness and adversity. And, as products of our environment, we reflect the principles presented to us—even if the ideas are subtle. Alas, what seems to incessantly perpetuate from our species is little more than greedy, excessively competitive, and malevolent behavior. We have, thence, transformed ourselves into a pathogen—a parasite to both one another as well as the world around us.

The *Homo sapiens*, one of the many pinnacles of biological evolution, is a dynamic creature. It can create and destroy. It can give and detain. It can love and hate. And, above all, it can subdue. I, a mere speck in the great order of things, flinch in the bright hue of heavily illuminated cities; mass conscious is contemporaneously violated by unkempt modes of production and conspicuous consumerism. I see little virtue and great villainy. The latter is a poison. It corrupts and shades all things good. One may try to overcome and vanquish this thing; though it is ubiquitous! We, *vis-à-vis* all agents of chaos, are forced to be vigilant. And as vigilance becomes the one and only law of self-preservation, we, too, become agents of chaos insofar as wariness transforms into hate—hate directed to those around us.

Then the barbaric actions taken by the ruling class to retain power play into a *verismo* of epic proportions. Staggering numbers of our fellow kindred, for instance, are lost in fruitless warfare. Groups are antagonized against other groups, who, in reality, ought to be struggling on the same line against the same foe. And the ruling class unanimously shouts “*veni, vidi, vici!*” and laughs in the faces of their subordinates—the plebeians; the serfs; the lowest strata of society.

I, after observing the life we are living on this sad planet, cannot help but arrive upon two solemn conclusions. Firstly, our modern “civilization” is a farce insofar as it is utterly uncivilized. Secondly, our unfettered population growth is engendering a rapacious plague contributing to the absolute devastation of art, culture, and biological ecosystems—the only three things that are, in my opinion, worth living for. And what, precisely, is the source of such misgivings?

The fundamental crux of the latter is, forsooth, multifaceted, and a conundrum to the highest degree. Undoubtedly, great analysis is in order to properly codify and resolve our worldly problems. I, nevertheless, find the matter to be quite rudimentary, for, in my humblest opinion, our problems emanate from the capitalist system.

The capitalist, a brilliantly malevolent foe, will stop at nothing to fatten his or her coffer, and all governing institutions, operating under the capitalist system, will go at great lengths to bolster the global economy. This ultimately results in great misfortune. It results in the destruction of the most beautiful things in existence.

I, as an adherent of ecocentric ideas, find world markets, among other inorganic matters, to be worthless—utterly trivial—when held contiguous to the splendor of nature’s beauty. Computers, space shuttles, dams, nuclear power plants, genetic engineering, warfare, politics, etc. are meaningless when one considers the lifecycle of a butterfly, the gradual formation of the Grand Canyon, the biological diversity found within the Amazon rainforest, the breadth and mysteries of Earth’s oceans, and the evolutionary sequence of species. Because of humanity’s atrocious endeavoring, however, nature’s art—the culmination of its ceaseless toiling—is situated in a precariously formidable arrangement. It is, furthermore, to my conviction that the only panacea to this quandary is the forcible implosion of society’s gentrifying institutions—that is, to mitigate our vulgar encroachment on nature. Thus, I feel that we must strive to be more unified with, rather than separate from, the natural environment. And at this stage in human history, the only way to ensure humbly conservative relations with nature is to diminish our physical anthropogenic footprint. But—and this is antagonistic to the latter objective—the inherent and unfortunate tendency of capitalist society is to grow unfettered. Alas, such unrestrained growth therein necessitates a rudely gratuitous consumption of “resources”, which are, of course, unequivocally finite. Notwithstanding the natural limitations of “resources”, the voracious bourgeois machine continues to spread its destructive tentacles around the globe, denuding it of all natural “capital”, thereby placing the future existence of earthly life into question.

Environmental degradation, as a factor of humanity’s endeavoring, is certainly not the sole impact of capitalism, for a slew of societal quandaries have hitherto manifested

through the latter's exploitative tendencies. One ought to merely shift their attention to the calamity in Washington to witness the paradigm of such problems. For instance, let us bring the spectator's lantern over towards the question of government.

Public representation through government—which can be simply referred to as republicanism—has been the primary governing form of most so-called “democratic” societies. Though, and this is a universal problem, bureaucratic institutions have heretofore reigned supreme in such institutions of social management. For that reason, the masses become disillusioned, disappointed, and thereby lose hope. One can clearly conclude that the painfully impotent nature of government has failed to satiate the needs of society; nay, the entire spectrum of earthly life! Allow us to exploit the United States' form of government as an example of such disparity.

The American public has, since 1776, bequeathed indefinite degrees of power to the American State Department. They, in doing so, have abolished the power of the proletariat. Ergo, they are currently subjected to the whims and desires of public representatives who do little more than consolidate their interests *quid pro quo* the needs of working people; and not just working people, mind you, but the environment as well!

Thus, for the reasons diagramed above, I hereby propose the utter annihilation of North America's centralized parliamentary system. We must dilute the aristocratic influence in society, for liberty cannot be preserved whilst despots rein their whips across the globe. We, on our road to greatness, must become more autonomous from corrosive institutions. We, on our road to equality, must strive to establish a non-hierarchical, egalitarian order. We, on our road to liberty, must learn to work with our neighbors in lieu of our masters. Some may call such a world truly democratic. I would refer to such a world as socialist in function, and anarchist in equality—a libertarian socialist society.

I will hereby romanticize nothing. I acknowledge the challenges ahead, for a tremendous force of philistine conservatism infects the pseudo-realities of our world—particularly that of bourgeois America. It is, however, in my opinion, cowardly, at best, to conserve the current *modus operandi* of the modern social fabric. It is, on the other hand, bold and noble to reach out for the stars—to make momentous progressions in civilization. Imagine, now, a cad who took a relentlessly staunch stance in conserving the ways of the day. If he or she were the deciding factor in whether or not we pursued an innovation, where would we, as a civilization, currently be? Simply imagine their arguments:

Why, in God's great name—they would say—would anyone desire a shift towards electric appliances when a lump of coal and an iron stove fair perfectly well in cooking a meal? Who would ever yearn for a pricey pile of steel on rubber wheels fueled with black oil when one could simply walk or employ a horse and buggy? Who in their right mind would prefer to ride a metallic bird miles above ground when an ocean liner could meet all necessary accommodations for transcontinental travel?

Indeed, we, as a society, have made our decisions with regard to that above; and for better or for worse, these decisions have improved our overall living conditions—at least with respect to convenience. But can similar revolutionary transitions promulgate insofar as improving the cobweb of social affiliations? I, for one, would answer in the affirmative. After all, America has been at the verge of social revolution on numerous occasions throughout the 20th century. One may simply consider the general strike which occurred about the West Coast in 1934, or the immense membership in socialist-type political parties during the early 1900s, and the numerous anarchist movements throughout the history of our nation. America's proletariat has been quite revolutionary, indeed! Hence, the central question is, and ought to be, articulated as follows: how and when will a true upheaval transpire in our modern epoch? When will this pendulum of civilization sway towards glory? Needless to say, it will take time; though, as the saying goes, time is of the essence...

I, baring witness to society throughout the latter half of the twentieth century, have observed naught but petty bourgeois comfort—comforts characterizing modern American

culture. My eyes, for instance, have never met the malevolence of child labor; I did not, and have not witnessed the utter decimation and extinction of organisms such as the passenger pigeon; I have not seen colored folks enslaved by white masters; and I was not alive to witness the unconstitutional internment of Japanese Americans and nationals during World War II. Ergo, my eyes—and similarly, the eyes of most Americans today—have not run afoul by the ghastly veracities of capitalism, for twenty-first century Americana is, by and large, sheltered from such horrors through both time and space, for discomforts, in such a sense, are either a thing of the past, or a thing displaced to developing nations.

With regard to time, some of the most squalid anthropogenic atrocities were committed a great many years ago—long before my parents migrated to the United States. And, in many circumstances, we have had our history pilfered. The majority of Americans, for instance, would fail at diagramming the significance of May Day—a quintessential facet of American labor history. And for that matter, the entire history of radical unionism has been carefully overlooked by most bourgeois historians. One, who analyzes the deeds of modern capitalists through a critical eye, could presume that such omissions occur for nefarious purposes—that is, in the name of censorship. That said, however, there is a tendency for history to repeat itself.

Clearly, numerous events unfolding today mirror the doings of yesteryear to an astonishing degree. Slavery, for one, is still a reality in modern civilization; though, one must christen the latter as “wage slavery”. In developing nations, far from our comfortable eyes, children, women, and men ceaselessly toil in fields, sweat shops, and factories, producing a superfluity of goods and wealth—the latter of which is concentrated within the hands of the few. In other words, capital is stripped from proletarian hands and funneled into bourgeois coffers. This, as it were, occurs upon the soils of lands afar. And alas, this “space” facilitates the capitulation of consumers to a market sustained by slavery and exploitation. The moral conscious is, for all intents and purposes, tranquilized by a state of ignorance.

On the other hand, within the United States, millions of working class citizens and non-citizens alike are presented with few economic alternatives. Often, the American worker solely depends on a bi-weekly paycheck—an income of trivial sustenance. In such circumstances, one is isolated from economic growth, for working is merely a matter of survival. All “free” time is engaged in the drudgeries of life: paying rent, buying food for the family, providing a sufficient level of education for their children, and so on. This is not liberty. This is exploitation! Though, this is not where the tribulations end.

The American worker still has much to learn insofar as interacting interpersonally. We, in many instances, have allowed racism, sexism, and bigotry to take hold of our current cognitive ways. Such tendencies continually bloom, which provides testimony to the fact that we have failed to evolve as a civilization. And how will we evolve towards our fullest potential? I feel the answer is quite plain. To begin with, we must retract the conservative elements in our thought. The first step towards greatness is tolerance, acceptance, and love. And with this simple beginning, a new day will be born into existence.

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~ SMASHING THE SHACKLES ~

*As a child, my folks were never around
They didn't have time to take care of me
They were working at the office
As I sat home and watched TV*

*But while in high school, I bought a car
And got a job to pay my bills
I moved out, and bought a cell phone
There is no such thing as cheap thrills*

*I got a loan to pay for my tuition
And a house, and my SUV
Now I'm working at the corporate office
I couldn't be more happy*

*I got to climb the corporate ladder
I've got to work nine to eight
I get two days a year for vacation
Now doesn't that sound great?*

*I don't get a chance to see my family
I don't get a chance to see my wife
I don't get a chance to spend time with my children
I don't get a chance to live my life*

*I've got a mountain of debts to deliver
myself and my family from
The bosses tell me I've got to work faster
Slavery is freedom!*

"Slavery"

★ ★ ★



What is socialism? In effect, "socialism", like many other sociopolitical terms, is so incredibly loaded that, in many cases, it is utterly meaningless. Indeed, Joseph Stalin, a foul, blood thirsty scoundrel, considered himself a socialist; however, so did Upton Sinclair, a marvelous humanitarian and literary genius. Some may regard certain American programs as socialistic, such as Welfare, and Medicare, yet these programs are quite limiting in their application and effect. Cuba is considered socialistic, yet their previous persecution of homosexuals and all political dissidents is more akin to the Stalinist socialism of the former Soviet empire. And then there are the numerous and astonishingly absurd labels to distinguish between the varying degrees of socialism: democratic socialism, council communism, libertarian socialism, anarcho socialism, social democratism, and not to mention the poison that is nationalist socialism, otherwise known as Nazism. Such varying forms of socialism is, verily, good for naught but distinguishing

between fascistic socialists, such as Chairman Mao and Adolph Hitler, from more pragmatic, altruistic socialists, such as Eugene V. Debs, and George Orwell. Nevertheless, these terms and their respected definitions can be excessive in their divisive nature and convoluted appliance. And, in my opinion, such partitioning is simply a matter of egoism and demagoguery—that is, one group of demagogues will venture to distinguish themselves apart from another group of demagogues in the name of consolidating political power. The frail-minded masses are thereby confounded into appeasing to the shrewd, and, not to mention, fraud politician. This type of tomfoolery is precisely what is occurring in the United States in between both the Republican and Democratic parties—both of which are, by and large, identical insofar as they represent naught but the wealthy class—the bourgeoisie. That said, I would prefer to deal with my own form of socialism—if such an identity is necessary—than to treat any of the notions above with much analysis.

Being a socialist, in my opinion, means acknowledging the importance of every single individual in the population—in other words, the notions in which “democracy” and “egalitarianism” embody by definition. The individual, in a capitalistic sense, is solely important insofar as striving to accumulate capital, wealth, and power for themselves, at the expense of others. However, it is to my conviction that the individual, in their interdependent relation with the world around them, is what truly matters. In order to develop a sense of community and contribute to the evolution of society, every single body and mind is essential. Under capitalism, on the other hand, the ubiquitous social hierarchy—that is, of employers and employees; bourgeois and proletarians—creates an environment where certain individuals or groups are subjectively valued. For instance, the capitalistic employer is superior to the employee. The politician is greater than the local shop clerk. However, we must learn to acknowledge and respect the importance of each individual proletarian, as in the case with plumbers and janitors, who fix our sewer systems and ensure that our cities are free from effluence and contagion. We ought to acknowledge the importance of school teachers who endeavor to expand knowledge throughout society. We must respect the work of artists who help develop culture and create a better understanding of the human condition—the human psyche. And we ought to realize that a great number of social constructs, such as the economy, depend on the participatory support from each individual in the population. Thence, we are all inexorably interdependent.

And with respect to government—the malevolent machine of oppression and deceit—I can only say thus: to forfeit the economic and political power of the proletariat to the state—as is the case with our bourgeois democratic republic—is an indubitable mistake. Capitulation, in this sense, has occurred on numerous occasions following a great many social movements, and has, consequently, ended in utter tragedy. The events we have witnessed in “communist” nations such as Soviet Russia and what we are seeing today in “communist” China is nothing more than state-sponsored capitalism. Here, citizens of the state, who are, generally speaking, mere paupers and peasants, are stripped from personal capital and are subsequently converted into cogs in the machine of accumulating national wealth. The bureaucratic monster of totalitarian republicanism, thenceforth, materializes into an oppressive iron fist quelling all social dissidents in the name of maintaining the “revolution”. And the benefits of the “revolution” in such cases have been reaped by none other than the bourgeois, aristocratic leaders who do naught but monopolize political power in an elitist masquerade. The working class is then subjugated by this anti-democratic, fascistic, and often imperialist state, which is virtually anathema to genuine socialism and liberty itself.

Thence, when I speak of socialism, I speak of communal and mutual relations; in effect, what true communism ought to have been—a structure where all people play equally important roles in society through unique endeavors; a division of labor where the social fabric is that of heterogeneity and cultural diversity; where solidarity translates into international comradery; where the citizens of the world consider the entire species of *Homo sapiens* rather than their conceited or nationalistic interests; where the vitality of civilization as a whole is regarded with paramount importance; and, most significantly, a state where humans can live in harmony with nature.

The tendency in capitalist society is, alas, to marginalize the importance of collectivistic ideas, for we are generally focused on the individual in more egotistical and, as

mentioned above, conceited terms. This problem, as it were, can be attributed to an unwarranted degree of competition in the so called “job market”. Indeed, this is merely a part and parcel of the greater dilemma; yet, a significant one at that. For instance, the immense corporate industrial complex is essentially in the business of out-competing its competitors, most of which are petty mom and pop shops, narrowly surviving this Darwinian nightmare. This, indeed, represents competition on a larger scale, for it is little more than the investment of corporate shareholders in question. A corporate entity, in other words, will stop at nothing to bolster the share of capital amongst its investors. This form of competition is organized crime, at best.

And then at the individual level, competition codifies as a formidable race to the corporate pedestal—an excruciating attempt to become the boss of the shop, or the CEO of the next fat-cat industry—a fetid, robber baron of Wall Street. And, with our modern, superficial logic, such an individual is considered *à la mode*! I find this mentality to be quite absurd, and I cannot help but conclude that competition bequests naught but corrosion to solidarity and collectivism, for the worker in question will merely consider his or her own interests at the expense of his or her brethren. And this has, regrettably, paved the road towards a clear trend in anti-union labor. That said, I will be so bold as to hypothesize that the latter has mostly to do with the level of comfort ingrained in America’s middle class employee.

Needless to say, the working conditions within the modern corporate office are by no means dangerous. Hence, a bourgeois employee may not consider union membership, for such an employee will perhaps never face, say, lost limbs in factory fly-wheels, and there is effectively little need to trouble one’s self with the possibility of death at the workplace. On the contrary, by having to meet monthly quotas for the company; by receiving a trifle of paid vacations and medical coverage; by being subjected to job insecurity and outsourcing, the bourgeois worker is, for all intents and purposes, enslaved by the corporation—a mere beast of burden. Unfortunately, the pessimistic aspects of work are, additionally, regarded as tolerable facets of capitalism, for all systems are imperfect, and, after all, the pros of capitalism clearly outweigh the cons!

With respect to the proletariat—the supreme beast of burden—bourgeois accommodations and comforts are nil. In striving to house and feed one’s family, the prospect of an employee working two or three jobs at one time is virtually nonnegotiable—that is, of course, if the latter is unfortunate enough to be an “unskilled” proletariat. And as certain as the sunrise, “unskilled” labor warrants little pay in today’s bourgeois market and, thusly, fails in satiating the cost of living in the United States. Hence, one is a wage slave of the highest order—a tool for accumulating wealth and capital for the aristocrats of Wall Street.

On another point of interest, one must consider the grand scheme of things. We live in the era of globalization—a formidable force that is successfully ostracizing every unique aspect of international culture. That said, we would do well to consider both the economic and cultural aspects of foreign nations in lieu of our myopic nationalistic interests. Internationalism ought to be, for the foregoing reason, the most important aspect of socialism. With such an all-encompassing worldview, one may begin to abhor a number of anthropogenic constructs, which have heretofore engrained themselves in our collective psyche.

The notion of artificial state boundaries, for one, is highly troublesome in its divisive nature. Borders tend to create the proverbial “us” and “them” type scenario, whereby proletarians of a nationalistic order marginalize the commonalities they share with foreign nationals. Thus, when bourgeois leaders, fascistic dictators, and the monolithic heads of state feel inclined to expand their decadent empires through warfare, international aggression, and exploitation, proletarians who busy themselves with work, family, and blind nationalism create little resistance to the imperialistic exploits of their masters. On the other hand, if a sense of internationalism could be entrenched in the psyche of working people around the world, then the jingoistic follies resonating from despotic heads of state could be effectively deplored for what they truly are: criminal acts against humanity.

To be perfectly clear, however, internationalism, as a philosophical force and disposition, will merely mitigate the adversity of ignorance, and, for that reason, is far from being a panacea of any sort. Internationalism coupled with other forces, such as

unionization, may, nevertheless, assist in the progression and evolution of society.

It is, however, necessary to assert that the revolutionary tendencies of the era we live in have been utterly sedated. If the United States were to enter a state of crisis, therein necessitating mass upheaval, my hunch would be that most would be unaware as to what course of action must take place. The tools for true social evolution are few and must be chosen wisely. As noted above, unionization can, and should be utilized, if only to bolster the power of the proletariat and its web of communal fabric. When a group makes a conscious decision to unionize against corporate tyrants, it thereby seals a common accord against the oppressive forces of capitalism. The comradery subsequently established with this has the potential of uniting all workers in a nation—nay, the world. Unfortunately, there is a downward trend in union membership, and not to mention a cutthroat campaign conducted by Wall Street and their fusty political colleagues in Washington to dampen the revolutionary syndicalist spirit. And incidentally, many people within the United States—aristocrats in particular—feel that unionization is detrimental to the American enterprise, for it hinders the robber barons of industry in bolstering their share of profits. This, according to bourgeois logic, has multiple affects, such as the outsourcing of work to nations where individuals toil for substantially lower wages. Indeed, such nations often neglect to honor either the environmental impacts of their productivity, or human rights for that matter.

In many developing countries, such as Columbia, union workers are exterminated by paramilitary forces; and it is interesting to note that the latter is often subsidized by the capitalist class in a peevish effort to protect their financial assets and investments. Slave-like conditions in sweatshops and factories, additionally, poison the “free” market, as it were, for an army of children are currently working outlandish hours with no union representation. And on the question of environmental impacts, foreign production has a tendency to pollute water, soils, and the atmosphere to a degree surpassing that in the United States, for environmental regulations are lax throughout developing nations. This, comrades, is the “free market”, and it is certainly appealing to the American bourgeoisie. Aye, the corporate kings and queens, highly versed in the art of exploitation, will jump at such opportunities like a pack of hungry wolves and leave victorious, for these scallywags hold the golden reigns over society world-wide.

At this point, I cannot help but propose thus: in order to extinguish the oppression of workers around the globe, and to address the environmental degradation associated with industrial progress, we must strive towards developing an international labor body—preferably in a decentralized outfit with a multitude of international labor councils. It is, however, quintessential to mitigate the hierarchy inherent in big unions, which is effectively analogous to the hierarchy in society and government. Though, the latter is merely a trifle in the big scheme of things, and I will, therefore, discuss other, more essential matters below.

As previously stated, union members in developing nations face the iron fist of corporate-financed paramilitary forces, and are, therefore, discouraged to speak out against their squalid work-place conditions. Nevertheless, most industries which I speak of are unequivocally American, for, needless to say, a vast degree of American manufacturing is conducted elsewhere—e.g. China, Bangladesh, Mexico, etc. Hence, we, as citizens of this world, have two options at our discretion:

First, we could quash the injustice at its source—that is, through a general strike in America, where, after acknowledging the criminal behavior of our bourgeois industrialists and robber baron CEOs, we subsequently shut down the economy, *per se*. Granted, much apathy is entrenched in the American worker, for they are seldom troubled by the working conditions of proletarians abroad. One must realize, on the other hand, that what occurs on Wall Street has a direct affect on our national economy, which, in turn, directly affects the American proletariat. Take, for instance, the proverbial campaign contribution—a rotten little political facet unmistakably rooted in Big Business. This unfortunate factor does naught but bestow unlimited political power to the ruling class. We, thus, find our wealthy elected officials paying more heed to the bourgeoisie in lieu of the proletariat and, not to mention, ecological factors. Whilst subsisting in such dire circumstances, we may well find our tax dollars funding imperialist exploits such as war and the forcible annexation of natural resources, such as oil and the like. Ergo, it is

imperative that we strike against the arrogance of the capitalist class, for they are the true source of our world's misgivings and, unfortunately, the heart and soul of Washington.

The second approach that we could employ is that of international solidarity, as mentioned above, and would necessitate some form of world-wide union, such as the Industrial Workers of the World. The utility of such a tool could act as follows: if our comrades within a particular region of the world face any degree of injustice, the union, acting as a conductor of mass action, could convey strike preparations and shut down the economic perpetrator forthwith. This would, therefore, allow us to cripple whatever capitalist industry in question, and concurrently mitigate the potential for outsourcing jobs, among other things. The inevitable dilemma is that a great many workers abroad are economically disenfranchised, to the point of desperation. Until they can put bread on the table, a worker will not risk losing his or her job, much less deny a job opportunity in the name of international solidarity. Thus, until we can achieve a state of global economic stability, we must employ the former tactic—that is, a general strike in America. Considering the globalized nature of the modern economy, such a strategy would inevitably affect the world market. Whether the international outcome is positive or adverse is somewhat dubious; though, this particular point exceeds the spectrum of this piece. What I will discuss, on the other hand, are the unfortunate obstacles to revolutionary action and evolution.

Certain facets impeding the revolutionary psychology of our nation's proletariat are often a factor of both corporate and political propaganda, in addition to oppressive legislation, which has, by and large, emanated from the rogue desires of the American ruling class. Take, for instance, the proverbial "right to work state", where union activity can, and often does result in an inconspicuous layoff. Firing a worker on the grounds of organizing the work-place is, verily, prohibited; however, employers are not necessarily required to disclose their justifications for liquidating an employee. For such fateful reasons, we may have to place a portion of our dependence on government, notwithstanding its bureaucratic and non-revolutionary tendencies, for, on occasion, the rapacious nature of American capitalism can be regulated and quelled through legislation. The Endangered Species Act, for one, will effectively prohibit the promulgation of a development project if a protected creature is at risk of extinction through the project's continuance. It is clear, however, that asides from such meager, impotent legislative matters, *laissez-fair* economics will ensue unfettered. We, needless to say, ought to revoke all anti-labor laws, among other oppressive institutions; though, we may be certain that our monolithic government will make no attempts at halting the exploits of Wall Street so long as the latter fuels America's economic and political machine. Thence, it is only through a mass uprising, orchestrated by the working class and the citizens of this world, that an end to capitalism can be reached. Such a course may, and will likely require force and violence in smashing the state apparatus. The reason for this is sadly inevitable.

A security complex, consisting of secret intelligence agencies, National Guard forces, a prison industrial complex, and other armed counter-revolutionary organizations, has been hitherto fortified by the bourgeoisie in defending America's capitalist and imperialist institutions. Such entities, during times of economic instability and revolution, will be used against the proletariat and any sympathizing bodies. Thus, if we are to consider any form of evolution, we must prepare for the reactionary forces and their oppressive exploits. I would further propose a recruitment of disenfranchised comrades who are currently serving in the U.S. Army and Navy, among other military branches, for a broad union of radical militants would increase the odds of a revolutionary victory. This shift, however, must be implored by the masses, otherwise an affective upheaval cannot be achieved; and, thus, it is to my unfortunate conviction that true revolution will only occur as a reaction to crisis. The latter could, among other things, consist of a severe economic recession, whereby American citizens, shaken by financial insecurity, are galvanized into action against the capitalist system. Crisis, as it were, could also derive from biological factors. For instance, an environmental episode of cataclysmic devastation could, and, in the future, will probably take place, therein providing testimony to the adverse affects our endeavors can manifest. Until then, I remain somewhat reluctant to embrace the prospect of an immediate revolution in this country. Yet, we must, in the mean time, attempt to mend our relations with one another so that when the day comes for a glorious upheaval in

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society, we will be adequately prepared. In other words, we ought to begin building stronger bonds within our communities of comrades, families, and neighbors in order to develop a virile grassroots association of revolutionary society. Currently, however, two cultural facets will inevitably impede progressive strides for humanity. And thus, allow me to discuss, within the following chapters, the dynamics of the xenophobic condition and rigid dogmatism.

3

~ THE UNSEEN ~

*Pass the basket give your money to the church
and save your soul
Repent for you sins
and straight to heaven you shall go!
The Promised Land is waiting for you
With pillars of gold and a bright misty hue!*

*Yes, he was a troubled man, and grew up rather poor
But one day he walked through a twenty foot door
He saw the marble statues; a basket of ore
He didn't have to work as a slave anymore*

*He read the Good Book and memorized each verse
At his sermon the people emptied their purse
He criticized the queers with great piosity
Reject the Devil's work, and set your soul free!*

*Yes, someday all the sinners of the world shall pay
For the Rapture shall cleanse this world
on Judgment Day!
And his congregation jumped up and screamed
for the glory of the Unseen
And the Preacher then spoke in tongues
Glory Hallelujah!*

*At the Vatican the gold statues decorate the walls
While the poor starve in the streets
and disease still sprawls
The Preacher spoke a word for humanity
As a hundred bombs dropped on a hundred cities*

*Live your lives in fear! The apocalypse is near!
Why fix our problems now?
We're leaving in three years!
He told all his followers to pick up their guns
And kill in the name of the Holy Son!*

"The Preacher"

★ ★ ★

The sand and stones of the desert floor, whilst greeting Mary's feet, broke all silence like stale, hard bread in the jaws of some hungry beast. These feet, which have heretofore carried Mary closer to the rendezvous point, were beginning to beg for rest. It has only been two days, yet the sweltering heat of the desert can bring any able bodied individual to their knees in a plea for mercy.

In January of the previous year, Mary had been at the market accumulating a variety of legumes and vegetables for the week, when she collided with a sturdy fellow. What consequently resulted was a mosaic flood of food on the floor. The gentleman lent a hand to the woman who was clad in traditional Islamic attire, and knelt down to gather the fallen goods.

In the initial calamity of having dropped her week's purchase, Mary did not notice who this gentleman was; yet she subsequently realized that she had seen him before. The fellow, with handsome black hair and a smoothly shaven face, was a recent addition to her neighborhood, and she had observed him in the area on numerous occasions, always finding herself in a state of longing as his figure tickled her fancy.

They thus became acquainted. The chap introduced himself as Mohammad and offered to escort her home.

Mohammad and Mary would often spend time with one another during the day, shopping at the markets, sharing a meal at the cafe, and Mary would visit her love during his break at work. Mohammad was a tailor and was given one-half an hour in the afternoon to rest his spirit and his dexterous hands.

Mary was in the final lope of her secondary schooling, and was planning to peruse a higher education within the coming years. She would be the first in her family to receive a college diploma.

Although she lived with her mother and father, they were utterly unaware of her relationship with Mohammad. Her parents, like many Islamic traditionalists, were staunchly conservative. There was to be no tomfoolery, and absolutely no deeds were to be done contrary to Islamic teachings, including pre-marital sex. Though, and in my humblest opinion a matter quite unarguable, squelching any natural physiological instinct, such as a sexual desire, is like forcing oneself not to breathe, not to eat, or not to blink one's eyelid!

Lo, the two would make love with great subterfuge at every opportunity—at Mohammad's house when his room-mates were absent; in Mary's bed when her folks were out; in the public park late in the evening, which was most daring, indeed. Aye, in this earthly existence, the confines of pious tradition are being breached in many exhilarating ways!

An evening in April, I am sad to say, marked a formidable shift in Mary's life of juvenile romance.

The preceding week, Mary's father, Jonas, spent a day with an old family friend, Herald, a stodgy fellow with a pleasant—though, let us clearly state, patriarchal—manner. The two men had dinner and were catching up with things, for they had not seen each other in nearly two months. Needless to say, the drudgeries of work and, occasionally, family tends to consume a considerable portion of a man's time.

At one point in the evening, the question of marriage encroached upon Herald and Jonas's conversation. Herald's son, Nima, who was, at the time, toiling in law school, sparked peculiar interest in the heart of Jonas. Verily, such a young man with a brilliant future would make an excellent husband for his young and beautiful daughter.

Alas! The marriage was arranged, and, needless to say, revolt was out of the question.

The evening Mary discovered the lugubrious decision, her heart sank in dreadful sorrow. She had met Nima in the past, and sensed a certain degree of smug conventionalism oozing from the man's air. She certainly had a liberated spirit—more so than most women in such a traditionalistic culture—and could not stomach the idea of spending her life with such a philistine boob. She, furthermore, loved Mohammad, and he loved her just the same.

Yet she did not dare disclose her established relationship, for a great degree of danger would surly ensue. Thus, she capitulated superficially whilst protesting at heart.

Mohammad was deeply troubled by this ugly predicament. He, too, liberated himself from the shackles of ascetic religiosity, and was quite enraged with the patriarchal binding contract.

Thus, a formidable scheme was designed. The two lovers were to meet about the outskirts of town and would escape forthwith. Neither had a vehicle and they figured it would be unequivocally dangerous to debark together. Hence, Mary would sneak out of her house in the dead of night, as it were, and walk to a particular bus station, which, as a matter of design, was the very station located outside of the city. The unfortunate factor in this was, regrettably, the superfluity of walking required.

Before leaving, Mary had left a note to her parents justifying her actions with words of affection and concurrent protest. She still loved her family and it broke her heart to desert them for such a ludicrous reason—the arranged marriage. But it was utterly necessary, for she would not conform to the absurd doctrines of her parent's faith.

At 2 am, the beautiful young lady, wearing the most inconspicuous attire possible, negotiated her way through her bedroom window. Silence was maintained with fruitful expediency. In an effort to execute a fully successful, clandestine operation, it was agreed that Mary should avoid all main roads. Police would surely find the sight of a solitary woman promenading through the streets at such unfathomable hours to be rather peculiar. She, therefore, became intimately acquainted with the desert sands.

As she approached the margins of the city, the moonlight flooded the mountainous visage in a bluish, purple hue, and her heart sank in both excitement and exhaustion, for she knew she would be free at last; however, she had to maintain her subterfuge inasmuch as her actions were undoubtedly precarious. But the desert winds brought with them a sense of rejuvenation—the dry, cool breeze tickling her skin; the sands battering her cheeks; the air fluttering against her garments. The peaceful solitude of her time in the desert, in her train of thought, was a friendly reflection of her imminent liberation. Mary, although alone, exposed to the elements, smiled more often than usual. Oh, how happy the beautiful, young Mary was!

With naught but a bag of cloths, and her life's savings tucked in a loin at her hip, she laboriously trekked through the stones and sands with sufficient breaks to rest her feet and soul. After two days of sweat and pain, though maintained in a state of glee, she made it to the shabby old building. Mohammad, who was patiently waiting in the lobby for several hours now, looking rather unkempt, with bristles on his face, smiled and ran to his love as she walked through the entrance of the dilapidated, Middle Eastern bus station. They briefly embraced, wary of authorities, and were on their way to liberty.

It is necessary to note that after several months of certain hardships in seeking economic opportunity, Mary and Mohammad were more content than ever. The locality of their new life was, however, no more than 200 miles from home. In other words, the lovers were still, to their dismay, in close proximity to their place of origin.

When they both found employment, working in economically unstable positions, they struggled to survive. All their misgivings were, nevertheless, patiently endured, and the two lived humbly, choosing an inexpensive apartment so as to accumulate enough money for a brighter future. Mary and Mohammad were hoping to leave the country shortly and live where people practiced higher degrees of religious tolerance. For that reason, they considered to move somewhere in Europe. Exactly where they wanted to live was uncertain; they simply needed to escape from the philistine religiosity of their homeland. But this would take some years of strife, for moving is no inexpensive feat.

One day, after a year and some months had passed, a most unexpended event occurred. Jonas and his wife, Faresti, were seated at the dinner table on a warm afternoon when their telephone rang. They were astounded and quite taken back when the woman's voice timidly sang through the receiver.

For the past year, Mary had felt excruciatingly homesick. Notwithstanding her love for Mohammad, and the utter joy which he bestowed unto her, she had, forsooth, missed her immediate family a great deal.

Over the phone, Mary had noticed an awkwardly uncomfortable tone in her

mother's voice; nonetheless, Faresti assured her daughter that they had missed her dearly. It could be easily presumed that one's parents would be somewhat agitated with their child's evasion, for such a matter would, undoubtedly, fill a parent's heart with dread. But to mend their relationship, Mary's mother made a friendly request. She begged her daughter to come back and visit, for, according to Faresti, Jonas and she were no longer forlorn by Mary's decision. Mary consented in a most delightful air.

Mohammad could not take the time off from work to accompany his love to the reunion. Thought, in order to make up for the matter, Mohammad took his love on a splendid round through the city, spending a great deal of quality time with her throughout the evening.

Mary told her mother, while on the telephone, that she could stay no longer than two days, for she, too, had work the following week.

One could imagine the mental and emotional state Mary endured on the day before the family rendezvous. Mary was, as it were, exceptionally nervous, for she still felt deep remorse for abandoning her parents, but Mohammad assured his love that all would go well with the occasion. Additionally, Mary felt justified in her actions, for she would not accept the patriarchy of her parent's creed. She would, of course, maintain the privacy of her particular reservations, for she wanted to avoid elevating any animosity that potentially lingered within the family. So to quell any sore emotions, Mary purchased a beautiful silk scarf for her mother and a shiny wrist watch for her father. Albeit, she had a difficult time with money; yet—and I trust that most would concur—some things in life are more important than wealth.

Mary, gazing through the bus window, was delighted to see her old neighborhood—the conurbation of shabby homes plastered in beige clay; old and somewhat withered. This, among other images, were, verily, engrained in her memories of youth—a time of naïveté when one is oblivious to worldly tribulations. Mary was certainly delighted knowing that she would soon reunite with her mother and father.

As the beautiful young lass, with her long, black, wavy hair—concealed, of course—stepped off the bus, she began the short promenade down the street towards her former abode. The inevitable anxiety in Mary's soul begot a heavy sensation in her stomach. Happiness, as an optimistically gay sentiment, would not necessarily characterize her disposition at the time. She did, on the other hand, sense a dire longing to ameliorate her family's relations, which was certainly the source of her anxiety.

As she approached the street of her former residence, she noticed a rather large congregation of folk, whose faces, at a considerable distance, were indistinguishable. She, of course, presumed that the group was comprised of family and friends welcoming her back. She waved as she was twenty paces from the crowd and could finally recognize some of the individuals present. She saw several cousins, and then noticed her mother and father. There was a particularly solemn and unpleasant look about the horde.

And then she noticed the law student, Nima—the philistine son of Jonas! The somber silence of the crowd was subsequently breached by a rather uncouth remark.

"Whore!"

The exclamation was enough to catalyze a voraciously chaotic reaction, and it was thusly followed by an explosion of unfortunate statements.

"Heathen!"

"Infidel!"

"Go to the Devil!"

And alas! The stones...

The first one smashed into Mary's right shoulder. She felt as if this moment was merely a delirium—a terrible nightmare. After all, Mary's mother, Faresti, wanted to see her daughter again! Aye, Faresti and Jonas still loved their child! Mary was forgiven! But the pain was real, and so was the piosity of the callous perpetrators.

The second stone, thrown by one of her cousins, pummeled her in the rib below her breast. She nearly fell and, in that precise moment, she noticed her parents gazing upon her. Their faces were a void of emotion. In tears, the beautiful Mary clumsily turned around and attempted to escape. The third stone struck the posterior portion of her neck.

Mary suddenly found herself lying on hot concrete surrounded by a flock of buffoons; kicking, tormenting, and spitting on her. These ghastly creatures, she thought to herself, were verily misled, and, like sheep, they had no mental capacity of their own. The hordes were merely trailing one another, in orderly fashion, to the philosophical slaughterhouse. Despite this, Mary's heart was filled with righteous indignation. She despised these savages, as well as her manipulative parents! "How dare they entice me into this trap?" she thought to herself, as her tears flowed like rain.

She grew desperate and faintly cried out for mercy; yet, nobody listened, for, as far as the predominant logic was concerned, Mary was a Satanist—a godless heathen! Aye, Mary's voice was, for all intents and purposes, that of the Devil himself! This spectacle was the only choice. The pious congregation was obliged to purge from God's great Earth the dastardly sin of which Mary had embodied—the sin of free will.

The final stone was violently heaved upon Mary's skull by none other than Nima, her ex-fiancé. As one could imagine, the repugnant law student felt great pleasure in erasing another squalid Jezebel from this world.

Alas, as the police and spectators looked on; as family members and neighbors participated and idly observed, the gruesome scene unfolded. And thus, another woman—free thinking, pragmatic, and beautiful—was killed in the name of God, patriarchy, and family honor.



Dialectic anecdotes aside, I am wont to express my true reservations with respect to the question of spirituality. Religion, simply put, carries with it the capacity to degrade the cognition of modern humankind. That said, show me the woman or man who can rightfully justify murder, whether in war, or domestic conflict, with pious "values" and false "moralities". Show me the government that can rightfully proclaim a state of righteous religiosity whilst subjecting its populace to capital punishment—the latter of which being executed, by and large, through the authority of laws constructed by corrupt officials and their corrupt institutions. And show me an individual or institution that can rightfully substantiate the oppression of women, homosexuals, and nature in the name of God or other spurious "principles". Show me these individuals and institutions and I will show you the perpetrators of unjust oppression!

Nay, one must not be naive in oversimplifying the relationship between the supernatural and the latter's influence over society, for—and I say this with my sincerest conviction—to generalize the appalling exploits of humankind as being strictly associated with religion is unfair and unprincipled. I, for one, am a Christian insofar as I admire the teachings and revolutionary spirit of Jesus Christ. However, the deeds done in his name, among other "prophets", have been dismally unforgiving. And, furthermore, a great degree of anguish has been propagated through the machine of institutionalization, which is where the wickedness of religion resides.

One may simply consider a number of circumstances to acquire a fine understanding of the archaic absurdity of institutionalized religion. Manifest Destiny—that is, Western expansionism and the indigenous genocide which thereby ensued—is a case in point of such malevolence; or the Spanish Inquisition which resulted in immeasurable strife for the American indigenous who refused to forfeit their values for the alien principles of Europeans; or the terrorism and ferocious dogma of radical Muslims; or the patriarchy of Catholicism, Islam, and other pious traditions—and I must emphasize the fact that the foregoing tribulations are the result of naught but brief and superficial analysis! The complete exploits and misgivings of religion are far more profound, and, for that reason, I will not venture to discuss such matters in this piece. Notwithstanding that, I will say thus: because of the parcels *vide supra*, and the fact that I have little faith in expedient reform, I cannot help but propose the utter revolt and resistance toward institutionalized religion. And, what is more, the citizens of this world ought to abolish the authoritarian facets of spiritualism forthwith! "Though," as one may inquire, "what is the true problem laying at the crux of this matter that we must seek and destroy?" In my opinion, it is as clear as the sun's magnificent rays!

The adverse factors of religion are, mostly, a matter of superstitious arrogance—a

belief that one's religion is righteous *vis-à-vis* other belief doctrines, of which are abhorred by the former. One, in considering such a dilemma, can solemnly conclude that the disputes arising from such foolishness are indicative of our failure to evolve psychologically; our failure to recognize our kindred relations with one another; our failure to acknowledge our commonality in striving to achieve a superior existence in society. Such trivial squabbling is truly bizarre and utterly inane considering that we are, and ought to behave as a cultured, intelligent species. That said, the most important realization which we must all embrace is that we are unequivocally unaware of what proceeds death; thence, we must never forcibly impose our values on those around us.

It is an undisputable truth: nobody can be certain as to what lies beyond the visage of our reality. Incidentally, I have had numerous supernatural experiences occur within my lifetime. Am I, for that reason, obliged to be a blind follower of an established order? Am I obliged to kill anybody who does not espouse identical values as I? Never! To do so would be irrational. And I would be an arrogant fool to insist that God exists with wholehearted certainty. I would be even more foolish to act out violently in the name of my supernatural notions.

"But," as the pious will shriek, "are the great secrets of God not currently bestowed unto mankind through religious scriptures?" One may, verily, respond in the affirmative. Though, in my humblest opinion, the ubiquitous texts of yore, written throughout the epochs of humanity, never explicate—at least to any satisfactory degree—the true nature of God's existence. Though, could any piece of literature ever illuminate, like a lantern to a dark room, the mysteries of the universe? Never! I, for that matter, am pleased to simply remain spiritual and agnostic. And it is quite puzzling that we must vehemently follow the words of men written so many centuries ago as if they were the words of God Himself. These words, I must say, have no genuine value other than literature in the genre of moral advice, if one could be so generous as to call it that!

What we, in this current state of being, ought to consider are the relationships we have with one another within the physical world. Aye, we ought to consider the relationship we have with the world itself! We ought to strive in alleviating the problems we face today; ignore the life that may or may not follow our passing! We have an abundance of quandaries in our bourgeois society to reckon with, and, therefore, we ought to lunge our juvenile piosity towards the margins in attempting to unify every child, woman, and man!

4

~ THE LYNCHMAN'S NOOSE ~

Delight would be unsuitable at describing the disposition of Philip's parents, for Philip recently disclosed his true sexual identity upon them. Through the eyes of his Catholic parents, being a man means marrying a woman and contributing numbers to the family. Thus, Philip's mother, Isabel, shed an ocean of tears; yet, she still loved her son unconditionally. Miguel, on the other hand, was quite angry with what was, in his mind, his son's immoral "decision". If only he could understand that, throughout his entire life, his son felt isolated from others around him. Granted, he was not necessarily aware of the source of his emotions. Now, however, it was perfectly evident, and he needed to divulge the matter, for nothing is worse than having to conceal one's true identity.

Philip's parents, ironically, overlooked the commonality that they shared with their son, for one could consider both Philip and his parents to be the kin of two oppressed factions in North America. Philip, however, has the misfortune of being associated with both objectionable states—homosexuality and illegal immigration.

Two decades ago, in Southern Mexico, Isabel and Miguel were wed and were subsequently ready to begin a new agrarian life. The couple, with their big dreams of raising a family in a horticultural utopia, established a corn plantation. There were, as one could imagine, utterly elated with the prospect of their future financial security.

Throughout the following years, commerce within the rural economy was particularly high, which had a positive impact on the family's business. Their profits were exceptional, and production was to such a high order that they had a small army of employees working for them—that is, in harvesting, transportation, packaging, etc. And, not to mention, they were all paid reasonably well, and were treated with respect and decency.

Within two years, the couple had their first child, Philip—a lovely little boy with big brown eyes and laughter that was utterly contagious. Isabel and Miguel were so pleased with this blessing that they figured life could not possibly be any more gratifying.

During the 1990s, news spread amidst the town folk of a new North American president. The man's transcontinental trade policies found interest amongst the Mexican masses, for they were directly associated with their economy.

A significant number of Miguel's acquaintances were squabbling over one particular trade deal—the North American Free Trade Agreement. The proponents of the agreement stated, with child-like certainty, that it would help bolster their economy and, hence, embraced it with haste. However, many agriculturalists were skeptical and were deeply concerned by the potential ramifications of this particular policy.

Isabel and Miguel, who were somewhat apolitical, had no laudable opinions regarding the matter. The two simply held faith in their nation's leadership, and knew that their representatives would engage every effort in addressing the public's interests.

Eleven months had passed and a significant portion of the commodities circulating through the Mexican economy were mere imports from the United States. Furthermore, these products were highly affordable to the financially-deprived consumer; and because of this

otherwise optimistic detail, local buyers were no longer interested in what Isabel and Miguel had to offer.

They soon found their savings in a precarious state of exponential decay. Isabel and Miguel began to relieve their army of employees, for their profits were clearly insufficient in sustaining their agricultural business. Lo! The family could at least live off of their land for the time being—that is, until their supply of crops dwindled into naught. Verily, the family was not receiving an adequate variety of nutrients; and, as one could imagine, malnourishment for any child, such as the case with little Philip, is an inevitable recipe for disaster.

Miguel had heard from a friend that there was employment in the city simply waiting for them. Nevertheless, Miguel felt deeply humiliated having to abandon the dreams that he shared with his family. Indeed, they needed to survive, and deserting the farm was the only viable option.

Few Mexicans were financially capable to purchase the farm—for any decent amount, at least. Hence, Miguel was forced to forfeit the property to the banks for a wretched price. But what they made was enough for the bus fair into the city, food, and any other necessary travel expenses.

As the family arrived with there scanty belongings, they noticed a queer odor lingering in the air—the scent of car exhaust, industrial smog, and city filth. There had been a magnificent rural-to-urban migration occurring over the past year or so, for most had heard grandiose stories of the lofty employment rates. And thence, the city was subjected to pandemic overpopulation which had exacerbated the foundering economy, along with its rude degree of environmental pollution. Alas, all work positions were fully saturated inasmuch as an excess of poor agriculturalists flooded the job market. Isabel and Miguel were left high and dry, *per se*. Luckily enough, Isabel had a cousin in town who could temporarily house the family; though this was not a viable alternative to any autonomous living condition.

During their abject days in this abject city, they had overheard many people speaking of relief up North—that is, crossing the border illegally and entering that great land of opportunity known as the United States of America. The stories were so entrenched in optimism that even a guileless fool could feel a bit skeptical—particularly after hearing similar stories with respect to the job opportunities in urban Mexico. The disillusioned family, however, felt it was a risk worth taking.

The voyage would take several weeks to accomplish, which naturally called for a profound sum of preparation. Isabel's cousin had known someone that could bestow upon them a fair amount of advice as to where to go, how to get there, who to trust, who not to trust, and what to bring. The man was so wise that one could nearly conclude that he had made the trip himself!

He assured the family that the trek would be explicitly dangerous, for ruthless bandits would stop at naught to jump, mug, and otherwise rape the vulnerable travelers. He then diagramed all necessary directions.

The party, with a fair grasp of strategy, parted forthwith.

Employing various modes of transportation—primarily locomotion—the tiny family scaled a great many dangers. Indeed, trains are by far the most precarious methods of travel, for, in order to embark without pay and to avoid inspectors, one must jump on the train whilst it is in motion. One thus runs the risk of slipping under the wheels and either losing a limb or being killed.

And then the coyotes...

One will always encounter instances where a coyote, paid in the thousands of dollars, abandons their human cargo in the middle of nowhere, whilst stealing the fare. Lo and behold! The family was fortunate enough to avoid such malevolence on their escapade. But, needless to say, other immigrants are sometimes less than auspicious.

And then the pilgrimage...

The excursion from the U.S.-Mexico border towards Tucson, Arizona lasted five miserable days. They took the promenade in July whilst temperatures approached a sweltering 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Seldom, one may encounter folks who assist travelers along the way, and the family was taken care of by a number of groups who provided water and helped dress their wounds, including the blisters on their feet. Indeed, a great number of desperate workers perish in Arizona's abyss of sand, stone, and succulents. Yet, again, this is a risk worth taking, for, in this world, one depends upon financial security; and, hence, one must seek work at all costs.

Alas, the misgivings continually promulgate!

Philip worries that, sooner or later, he may fall victim to the next hate crime. In public, he is vigilant. In search of love, he is wary. Faulting a heterosexual man for gay is a precarious blunder. Both he and his parents, Isabel and Miguel run the risk of deportation. Aye, being an undocumented immigrant in the United States is nearly akin to being Jewish during the Nazi reign.

Understandably, the family neglected to apply for work visas lest the bureaucratic machine of the American government proved to be sluggish—incapable to suffice any swift economic demand. Such a process would, undoubtedly, require years to complete. And perhaps that is the intention. A government will regulate its population and economy, and at any cost, mind you. All Isabel, Miguel, and Philip, can do now is pray for a harmonious future—a future in which all citizens of this world can coexist.



Out of wanton frustration, I would like to pay heed to the bigotry in our “civilized” world.

Indeed, the quintessential paradigm of modern prejudice can be observed within the public disdain for homosexuality and the vicarious question of “same-sex-marriage”. Vehement objections to the latter are often made on grounds of religious “morality”. After all, Leviticus 20:13 of the Old Testament calls for the execution of individuals performing acts of homosexuality, of which are described as “detestable”. And, as one may observe, analogous notions echo throughout other religions doctrines as well.

Notwithstanding the ostensible separation of Church & State, such homophobic sentiments have directly influenced several pieces of governmental legislation, such as the sodomy laws of Texas, which prohibit certain forms of intercourse, and the laws which allow employers to fire employees for their sexual orientation, which is the case in Arizona. And, if I may inquire, is there justification in the public scorn with regard to gay marriage?

I say, when speaking of marriage, it is quite necessary to acknowledge the fact that the act is not particular to any one religion. In fact, marriage, if viewed in a certain light, can be more of a legal matter than a spiritual one. When entering a divorce, one does not consult the Catholic Church. When married, it is not the Vatican that provides tax or legal incentives. Thinking that such liberties are poison to the sanctity of marriage is utterly foolish. For one, the act will never infringe upon the welfare of anybody else, with the exception of homophobic cads who simply despise the idea of same-sex couples. And, moreover, homosexuality will occur all the same with or without marriage. But, with that said, there is a rub: to deny a right to any one portion of the population whilst granting it to the other is little more than sheer discrimination. Thence, if we are to deny the right of marriage to anybody, then I say abolish marriage forthwith! Furthermore, it is already evident that approximately half of married couples will divorce one another. And infidelity, as it were, is in itself a ubiquitous contagion infecting a surfeit of married couples—many of which, ironically enough, consider themselves Catholic! Thence, I cannot help but wonder: where is the sanctity in marriage? Marriage, in a pious sense, has already been tarnished! However, we do not hear the reactionary fiends squabbling over the latter, for this is a mere fact of life. What that said, I must insist that love, in an idealistic sense, is a thing seldom seen.

Now, allow me to divert our attention towards racial intolerance.

Today, we see before us an ethnic purge of hate in our neighborhoods and

workplaces. The American Gestapo—that is, the Immigration & Customs Enforcement agency, known by most as “ICE”—has, and still is orchestrating a discriminatory campaign in eradicating all “illegal aliens”. It is not uncommon for Draconian federal agents to bombard a workplace, rounding up foreign nationals like cattle. These victims of circumstance are then deported forthwith, leaving their families and children marooned in this so-called “land of liberty”. And the American Gestapo is not alone in their fascistic efforts.

In Phoenix, Arizona, the Maricopa County Sheriff’s Office (MCSO) has lent a generous hand to the Federal Government in their Operation End Game campaign. Sheriffs will often demand identification from any and all civilians with dark skin—including the American indigenous! And the anti-immigration techniques of our beloved Sheriff Deputies are dastardly in their own right. A minor traffic violation, such as a cracked tail light, somehow warrants an ethnic interrogation. Even citizens can participate in the humbug, for one can, with a telephone call, contact the Sheriff’s department and report an undocumented immigrant. It is certainly not difficult to see the parallel of this to the fascistic actions during Germany’s Nazi reign.

These methods should not be taken for granted, for, although they are quaint, they are highly effective. The immigrant population in the United States is currently in a state of absolute terror—children are afraid of having their parents arrested and deported; families are wary of going to the store for fear of being questioned by authorities—and all of this is taking place because of a mere misdemeanor.

Persecuting undocumented immigrants for crossing the border is equivalent to persecuting people for exceeding the speed limit. Granted, crossing the border after being deported once is a felony charge; though, one must always question the authority and validity of laws constructed by our governing institutions. Verily, even if a first-offence-crossing was considered a felony, I would still encourage it to be infringed upon, for laws and borders are naught but a human construct, and when a law is unjust, it ought to be disobeyed, or otherwise abolished!

Now, let us pay heed to the question of sexual equality.

Notwithstanding the many strides in bestowing rights to women—that is, reproductive rights, suffrage, and so on—women are still objectified, and in many instances, women receive lower wages than men for the same line of work. Needless to say, the privileges of women in America tend to be superior to the privileges of women in other nations, such as India and the Middle East. This ought to be profoundly unsettling to the people of North America. Albeit, there is little we can do to alleviate the oppression of women abroad. However, the inferiority of women’s rights in developing nations should never rationalize our domestic inequities. To halt progress on the grounds that we have superior living conditions is naught but faulty logic, and akin to saying “Ah! But Australia pollutes as much as we do; hence, we needn’t bother mitigating our echelon of carbon emissions!” or, “the people of North Korea are utterly browbeaten by a totalitarian government; hence, we needn’t complain when our system subverts liberty!” Nay, we ought to breach such limiting and erroneous logic!

Thenceforth, we must challenge the patriarchal constructs of America and the domineering cultural norms that instill an artificial need to make one’s self “beautiful”—that is, “beauty” by society’s bizarre standards. Thus I say, the perverse nature of our male-dominant world ought to be confronted with vehement opposition until women, men, and individuals of all shapes, sizes, orientations, and ethnicities unanimously enjoy a homogenous state of liberty.

5

~ OH, YE SUPERLATIVE MOTHER! ~

*Some fields are still green today
With butterflies fluttering by on a whispering wind
The Old Growth Trees as high as the sky
Two thousand years alive; they could never die*

*Waterfalls flush away impurity
The edge of the stream just beaming with life
and beauty
The insects, birds, mammals, & flora
Balanced in a beautiful aura
The breadth of the land and oceans so deep
It makes me want to weep!*

"Some Fields"

★ ★ ★

Mother was an adorable creature, with an extraordinarily generous disposition, for all of one's needs could be satiated by her in a graceful manner. She was beautiful and all that she gave effort in creating was just the same; and as such, she was unremittingly inventive, clever, and shrewd, and had a keen sense of goodness and balance, which made her easily endearing. Aye, her temper could be quite tremendous at times; nevertheless, her gifts were so great that her ephemeral transformations in humor were trifling.

But alas! Darker days had arrived!

Old mother suffered a bizarre infirmity throughout the last few moments of her existence. Although the parasitic infection struck within such a short chronological frame, it had quite a consuming affect, and her body succumbed to the contagion in an exceptionally rapid pace. She had lost all of her hair and suffered from a soaring fever of a high order. Patches of her skin deteriorated, exposing the flesh underneath. Aye, the alacrity of reproduction in the parasite was enough to rot every part and parcel of her body—to the point of death.

Oh, mother! We shall forever mourn your loss, for ye were naught but a creature of magnificence and utter majesty! A blessing unto this realm of enigmatic splendor!

★ ★ ★

The great species of this world, abound as they were, are treading on thin, icy waters, for we have seen, over the course of human history, an extinction period of mammoth proportions.

Homo sapiens are merely a notch on the temporal frame of Earth—approximately 200,000 years *vis-à-vis* 4.5 billion years; yet, throughout that time, we have managed to create the perfect climate for extinction. In our actions, we have unequivocally eradicated countless species, such as the passenger pigeon, which had once decorated North America's skies with flocks two billion strong. And if not extinction, we have threatened and endangered an ever increasing number of species, such as the North American bison (*Bison bison*), the tiger (*Panthera tigris*), the blue whale (*Balaenoptera*

musculus), the Northern spotted owl (*Strix occidentalis*), the African elephant (*Loxodonta africana*), the California condor (*Gymnogyps californianus*), the Pacific Yew (*Taxus brevifolia*), the snow leopard (*Uncia uncia*), and the Knowlton Cactus (*Pediocactus knowltonii*), among many other animal and plant species. And within our lifetime, we may well witness the abolition of the polar bear, various amphibian and oceanic species, and a superfluity of the most interesting and beautiful creatures on this planet. And what is the justification for our rudely humanistic actions? Ah, 'tis nothing more than the progression of our "civilization"!

When the bison were nearly exterminated in the mid 19th century, the reasons were associated with Western Expansionism—that is to say, Manifest Destiny and the utter coercion and genocide of indigenous cultures and heritage. Then the blue whale population was all but decimated in the name of blubber—a substance that can be transformed into several commodities, including margarine and lubrication. And, thus, I must inquire: could one consider this to be a worthy exchange: a beautiful creature for oil and lubrication? A buffoon will inevitably answer in the affirmative, and because of such convictions, there are several instances where our "civilization" had selected progress in lieu of biological conservation. Thence, is it ethically sound to eradicate any species which had hitherto strived and evolved over the course of thousands and millions of years? Needless to say, I would answer the latter with an explicit objection. That said, we are in debt to analyze and understand the antagonists of ecology.

The endangerment of ecosystems and the flora and fauna associated with the latter, is quite eclectic in its causality. The poor family in Africa will pay little heed to any and all environmental protection regulations when he or she is concerned with personal or family nourishment. Hence, we see a bush-meat crisis unfolding in many parts of the world where one's nutritional demands in protein depend entirely upon mutton. And then Wall Street's arrogant endeavors concerning the accumulation of capital further contribute to the adverse relations between humans and nature.

Verily, what we ought to do is search for a viable alternative to the natural "resources" which we are currently exhausting. For instance, a home can be built with the use of earthen materials in lieu of lumber. Cob, which consists of clay, sand, straw, and water, can help mitigate our encroachment on tropical and temporal forests. And our protein demands could be satiated with plant foods rather than meat, which would diminish our need for agricultural lands—most of which are used to feed livestock.

Aye, my friends, the solutions are at our disposal, and we ought to peruse them to the best of our ability! The facets, however, which impede such progress are entrenched in philistine cultural norms and corporate profits. Thus, our first objective must be eloped in breaching the non-revolutionary confines of capitalism, as stated earlier...

Needless to say, there is quite a lack of urgency in "sustainable development"—that is, satisfying the needs of a growing human population whilst mitigating our impact on the environment. For instance, Arizona, of all fifty states in the union, receives the highest percentage of incident solar radiation, which could be converted into heat energy or electricity via photovoltaic cells; yet, we still receive most of our electricity from coal and uranium. Alas, there are numerous problems associated with both methods of electric generation—namely radioactive nuclear waste and the lofty scale of carbon dioxide emitted from coal combustion. And, simply put, coal technology is wretchedly archaic and somewhat inefficient insofar as a great portion of the potential and kinetic energy is lost during extraction, generation, and transmission. Ergo, there is no question that we ought to strive in employing wind and solar resources in order to sustain our rapacious degree of energy consumption around the world. Our poor personal habits, such as leaving lights on unnecessarily, ought to be, furthermore, acknowledged and reckoned with. And oh, how ghastly the urban layouts of our cities have been!

With the price of oil impeding stratospheric heights, there is little reason for individuals to live on the fringes of the modern conurbation, and then working or enjoying moments of leisure within the city. Thus, every megatropolis, in order to allay the superfluous amount of energy exhausted in vehicular commute, ought to implode along with the concurrent erection of public transit.

I simply cannot help but wonder why we are not more Draconian in our progressive strides. As stated earlier, we have the technologies available! Why do we fail in employing them? Verily, the current void of crisis culminates into a lack of urgency. But first and foremost, our bureaucratic machine of government simply cannot, and will not, codify its priorities properly. Indeed, we have countless numbers of representatives, legislators, councilwomen and men, governors, and a multitude of political vermin sitting in their office buildings immersed in self-importance, incessantly dismissing the real needs of this country and the world, for that matter. They each have their own separate agendas in improving their public image by bolstering the economy and catering to the demands of Wall Street. And why? So, simply put, they can receive their political perks, their bourgeois accommodations, and prodigal campaign contributions!

I say, in order for our "civilization" to be in harmony with nature, the current system of government, and most philistine principles, must be smashed into rubble! And, furthermore, behaviors on behalf of the consumer and all of Earth's citizens, for that matter, ought to transform accordingly. The big robber baron corporations of Wall Street—the filthy swine of this society—ought to be wiped out of existence! Global markets, operating under backwards principles, must be reconsidered and adjusted to a profound extent. Ergo, I propose a system of not only worker control in production and decision-making processes, where bosses, managers, and bureaucratic entities are entirely annulled, but also, one that is ecologically sound—a system where environmental innovation and progression can occur unfettered.

Let us now analyze the antagonizing philosophies which do little more than create a climate of rigidity, in a progressive environmental sense.

In the realm of conservation biology, there is an incessant polemic regarding the value of species. This continual contention is created between those who take a non-anthropocentric stance on nature *vis-à-vis* the utilitarianism of anthropocentric thought. The former believes in the intrinsic value of nature; that species and geographical landscapes can be valued whether or not they have humanly use in the form of a commodity or resource; or, in other words, natural capital. On the contrary, the latter entails that nature ought to be subdued by people, for we—"rational" beings with the capacity of advanced cognition—are above all in the natural hierarchy of things. Such notions reflect the capitalistic endeavoring of modern markets insofar as nature can, and should be, exploited in the name of economic and social progress. There are, of course, varying degrees within both environmental outlooks; take, for instance, weak verses strong anthropocentrism—the latter of which adheres to a more radical view in utilitarianism and exploitation.

It is to my conviction that, as a part and parcel of life on Earth, we are no more or less important than other life-forms inhabiting this planet. And while rejecting the notion that all species were created by an omnipotent being—a God of the universe—one can realize that every species in existence was and is derived from a common ancestor. Since the pre-Cambrian period, marine life has hitherto propagated into the vast diversity of species that we see before us today. Hence, who is to say that it is our right, as *Homo sapiens*, to exploit the Earth and its creations for our sole benefit when we are no more superior to other facets in nature? Who is to say that we have the right to denude a forest 20,000 years of age in the name of accumulating timber? Who is to say that we have the right to murder other organisms in the name of sport when we all share a common predecessor?

Albeit, eating mutton is a natural aspect of nature insofar as carnivores consume herbivores, among other carnivorous species; however, there is something profoundly disturbing in the act of hunting—particularly when one considers the alternative sources of protein available to us. I, on the contrary, do not glower upon the actions of hunters and gatherers whose subsistence depends entirely upon the mutton of wild animals—assuming, of course, their harvest is done in a sustainable manner. But when the white upper-class gentry participates in the slaughter of organisms for any reason—most notably sport—I cannot help but cringe in condemnation. In my opinion, shooting a pheasant is no different than shooting a human being; slaughtering a pig is no different than mutilating a child,

woman, or man. And with respect to invertebrates, one must acknowledge that all species play an indispensable role in nature; even if their position is functionally redundant and can be, thus, accounted for by another creature (for instance, both bees and butterflies can pollinate plants; thence, anthropocentrists may defy attempts to prevent the extinction of either organisms). Furthermore, microscopic organisms play unequivocally important roles in nature as well, such as the case for nitrogen fixing bacteria which convert atmospheric nitrogen into a form that can be utilized by flora; or mycorrhizae fungus which facilitate the absorption of iron within the roots of plants.

And most importantly, all plants and animals are a living testament to the temporal magnificence of life on earth, and are thusly living exhibits of this planet's vast historic record. Ergo, we ought to reconsider our associations with nature, for only then can we make revolutionary strides in our societal dispositions. And I reckon that once we have acquired a deep respect for biological life, that a certain reverence for nature, and even mankind, for the matter, will inevitably ensue.

But lo! Our numbers are salient, and their consequences unsettling; the affects are destructive, and it is a pathogen virulent. The cure is, nevertheless, clear and simple: a planned and deliberate control of the human population. The method of doing so is even more rudimentary: the use of contraceptives!

We are approaching; nay, we have already arrived at an unprecedented growth in the human population. Within the coming century, our numbers are expected to plateau between nine and twelve billion persons globally. The morose aspect of this is the inevitable rise in exploitation of Earth's natural "resources"—that is, timber, land, animal products, etc. And the duality of dilemmas associated with such a large number of people is thus: 1) where do we situate the additional populace, and 2) how do we suitably nourish every individual?

Clearly, if we proceed in consuming "resources" at the current rate, we are inevitably bound for catastrophe. We simply cannot feed everyone mutton—either from cows, pork, or fish, etc.—for land-use and animal fodder necessary in growing livestock is immense, and fisheries are being exploited to naught. We also cannot house everybody in a modern American-type setting—particularly when urban sprawl is involved. Wilderness, in such a scenario, will most certainly fall victim to human encroachment, thereby resulting in an elevated species extinction rate, for deforestation despoils Earth's natural habitats. Thus, the problem is how to accommodate the growing human population whilst maintaining a state of ecological stability. Aye, 'tis merely the question of sustainable development, as mentioned above! Though, in my opinion, our efforts ought to venture most towards the crux of the conundrum—that is, in lieu of bestowing all efforts on developing "sustainable" technology.

The facets impeding such achievements are, as oft so, absurd in their own right. For one, sexual education and contraceptives tend to be vehemently eschewed by religious zealots with their archaic concept of "morality". It is entirely incongruous to have faith in the notion of abstinence, for the primary factors contributing to the human population growth rate are thus: economic instability, patriarchal constructs, and insufficient medical conditions in developing nations—not immorality.

In many cultures, for instance, a boy is favored over a daughter, for the male takes care of the old, ailing parents. And in countries where infant mortality rates are exceptionally high, parents tend to reproduce to a superfluous degree in order to ensure that some of their children survive, and to further increase their chances of producing a son. Thus, international efforts must be made in counteracting the formidable population crisis at hand. But abolishing a cultural norm is quite the challenge and, in this case, would necessitate a large body of physicians, educators, and other social workers to help communities within developing nations—the latter of which constitutes a significant portion of the world. Aye, 'tis anything but a marginal task! Nevertheless, we should strive in achieving an objective, and that ought to be a global birth rate of 2.1—the level of replacement—where the amount of offspring produced are just enough to replace both mother and father, with an addition 0.1 to account for infant or child mortality. Incidentally, most post-industrial nations, such as the United States and Japan, have

already achieved a birth rate of 2.1, and are, in fact, below the said replacement level, which is thereby indicative of the influence in which economies have on fertility.

Conclusively, all developing nations must reach a superior economic condition so that the populace is provided with adequate living arrangements and education; and, unfortunately, we can do little to catalyze such a feat in any timely manner. For now, however, we can acknowledge the said population crisis, and ensure that religion, patriarchy, and other institutionalized constructs do not infringe upon progressive strides in society. Further, we can actively decrease our consumption of "resources" by utilizing public transit, shifting towards a vegan diet, increasing the use of alternative energy in building techniques, and by simply employing contraceptives during intercourse!

6

~ THE STAR HATH RISEN! ~

*Lend a hand out to your neighbor
if their burden's too heavy to hold
Good things will come out to those who give
and nothing to those who stand cold
So stand up tall; ashes fall,
hear the call down at City Hall!
If you listen to masked men speak
you'll learn nothing at all*

*Old Jay Lewis was a tailor
and he preferred his whisky to beer
He had everything he would ever need
but soon the end drew near
They threw him out the door
and now he can't find a job
He's never been poor, but now he's been robbed
Of a decent living wage and his handsome career*

Meanwhile...

*All the fat politicians politely applaud
to their acts of inhumanity
They laugh and holler "we'll never be caught
for our financial debauchery!"
Yes, they never face the gallows for their crimes
They're free as a bird, but it's a matter of time
Until the hammer of justice falls
and they're tossed in the penitentiary*

*Over down on Wall Street
endless wars and oil fuel the fire!
Feed that mean old bourgeois machine
so the flames can rise up higher!
Aye, their gospel is greed; exploitation's their creed
Consumption is what this economy needs
And glamour and commodities are your desire!*

But I say, lend a hand out to your neighbor!

"Unemployment Blues"

★ ★ ★

With respect to government, one must be pragmatic and rational. I, for one, feel that this government and its bourgeois "civilization" ought to be smashed in a violent fervor and replaced by anew system forthwith. It is evident to me that the United States regime spawns little more than suffering and meager comfort, at best. The former, as one can conclude, is bequest through warfare, the exploitation of workers and the environment, the corrupt nature of democratic-republicanism, and the unfettered toiling of the robber barons of Wall Street. The latter, on the other hand, is bequest through our petty socialist programs, such as Welfare, Medicare, and the miniscule sum of money granted to students of higher education.

That said, however, what will this new system be; a new form of government? A government is only commendable when its people have a voice. A centralized democratic republic, such as we have now, is only as good as the despots at the reigns. As for the farce of "democracy", our current system loosely embodies the people's voice on Election Day. The population, during the remaining years, bears the brunt of malevolent exploits orchestrated by the monolithic tyrants of Washington. Thus, in order to increase the power of the American proletariat, we must sever our bonds with the monster that is our nation's capital and we ought to institute a higher scale of state sovereignty. Even state officials, however, are uncouth in their excessive conservatism. Thus, we ought to strive to achieve a world without managers; a world void of elitism and social hierarchy; a civilization of community and egalitarianism. And therefore, we must work together in smashing the military state of America, its corporate controlled government, and the apathy begot through our modern empire!

With respect to nationalism, one must be abstemious in developing a reasonable conclusion. And because of the undemocratic, jingoistic antics of our kingdom and the American institution as a whole, I find little reason to be patriotic. Nay, there is no rationale in submitting to the norms set forth by this society, for they are explicitly barbaric and saturated in philistine complicity. I, therefore, propose the breaching of any and all social institutions that obstruct liberty in any way. I say, ignore borders! Break the law! Challenge nationalism! Be a turncoat! Refuse the Federal Income tax! Notwithstanding the latter's positive allocation in sewage systems, social programs, etc. it also contributes to American imperialism and the military industrial complex of which ought to be abolished! And refuse patriarchy! Repudiate the rogue facets of religion, for they do naught but create a world of pain, suffering, and violence! Dissolve your shackles and let us dismantle all of that which profiteers from our exploited minds, souls, and bodies! This world has been subjugated long enough by the legislators of faulty reason and their respected disciples of wickedness. Let us bond together as the citizens of one world and employ our collective energy to reconstruct a civilization of beauty and magnificence! And let the working class rise above the bourgeoisie in a momentous upheaval long overdue in our world!



And the bright star rose upon the scarlet sky with deliberate intent, shedding rays of light unto the sphere's land; bequeathing life upon it. The delightful chirp of birds hath subdued relieving the stage to the wind's enigmatic music; the rhythms of foliage; a magnificent harmony of sound.

The air—crisp, soft, and clear—hath blown the clouds of ominous deeds to naught. And malevolence shall no longer crawl upon the land, for the tides hath turned; the world is shifting; life is fluid! And oh, how glorious is that which bathed the soil; bestowed its glory upon the Heavens and Earth! Lo! The awe and brilliance of the scarlet sunrise shall shineth forevermore!